THE NATION

December 14, 1963 . . 35c

JOHN F. KENNEDY

A MOST UNSTUFFY MAN

H. Stuart Hughes

TRIBUTES

by Senators Joseph S. Clark, Ernest Gruening, Eugene J. McCarthy, Claiborne Pell; Representative John V. Lindsay; Governor Luis Munoz Marin

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UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESSION

Robert S. Hirschfield

THE TV IMAGE

Paul T. David

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JOHN F. KENNEDY: In Memoriam

Washington, D.C.

To *The Nation:*

The world has suddenly lost America's leader—a man of youth and vitality and strength. A man of a happy mixture of idealism and practicality, of charm, of wit, of intelligence. A friendly man committed to the causes of peace, of freedom, of equal opportunity for all.

In his Inaugural Address nearly three years ago, he said: "Let the word go forth from this time and place, to friend and foe alike, that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world."

No madman's bullet can be permitted to stop this memorable march of America as a part of the human race toward peace and freedom, compassion and justice under law.

The brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God call upon us to reach out loving hands across barriers of race, religion, color, bigotry and belligerence, to all who feel as he did.

Joseph S. Clark
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

President Kennedy's assassination is a tragedy—not just to our country, his family and friends, but to our whole world. I pray that our country continues on the course he set—one of domestic growth and fairness and of external peace.

My wife and I extend our utter sympathy to his wife and family.

I mourn the loss of a friend.

Claiborne Pell
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

The shame and guilt for the assassination of the President is too great to be borne by the assassin alone; too great to be borne by the city of Dallas or by the state of Texas. It must be shared by all who through the years have excited and stirred the simple and the anxious; those who have raised questions and turned them until they became suspicious; those who nurtured doubt until it bore the fruit of accusation; those who spread themselves to make a shade for fear, to save it from the light until compounded it became the fear of fear and desperate despair. The shame and guilt belong to all who stood by in silent acquiescence and to those who protested too little and too late.

The empty-sounding words of poets and politicians of the past come back: "The country will survive," "The government will stand." They are not wrong, but for some days—not soon—Americans will not walk as firmly or as straight as in the past. This is a time of truth for all of us.

Eugene J. McCarthy
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

Jack Kennedy will be remembered for many great achievements. His Inaugural Address will rank with our history's inspired utterances. Through the generations, Americans will and should remind themselves to ask what they can do for our country. His indefatigable quest for peace lighted the candle of the test-ban treaty. His fight for civil rights will lift our nation to a new level of justice and racial equality. A Catholic, he did not hesitate to differ with the hierarchy on the separation of church and state in our public school system. Jacqueline and he made the White House the cultural citadel of America: art, music, poetry, creative expression and intellectual achievement found a new welcome there. Articulate, witty, gay, gallant, courageous, his untimely death leaves a tragic void in the lives of all of us.

Ernest Gruening
United States Senate

To *The Nation:*

As Mrs. Lindsay and I paid tribute to the late President in the East Room of the White House, in the Rotunda of the Capitol and in Arlington Cemetery, our thoughts were with Mrs. Kennedy and the family and with all our countrymen. Our tribute was made and in the name of the people of the Seventeenth Congressional District and for them we said a silent prayer. President Kennedy died in action. A young man at the height of his powers, he gave his life for his country. May God help and guide President Johnson in his constitutional tasks. In this most critical hour for our country and for a world in peace he has my resolute support.

John V. Lindsay
House of Representatives

San Juan, P.R.

To *The Nation:*

The world and free men lose a champion and an illustrious and admired defender. The people of Puerto Rico lose a profound friend deeply interested in their life and well-being. I have ordered our flags to be placed at half-mast for a long time; long as it may be, it will never be long enough to express in its symbolism the deep sorrow of our people. I ask all churches of all denominations to toll their bells in memory of this illustrious leader of liberty, this good and religious man, and in recognition of his worth. . . .

Luis Muñoz Marín
Governor of Puerto Rico

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John F. Kennedy

A young President, John F. Kennedy must have known or sensed that he did not have all time and eternity to accomplish his major objectives. He was in a hurry to reach the top and he was not long in reaching it. Once there he wanted to get things done, to spin the wheels faster, to move along. It was as though he kept hearing at his back "Time's winged chariot hurrying near." But long before his tragic death he had learned that great as is the power of the American Presidency—and of the American nation—our ability to shape the course of events is not unlimited. He had the misfortune, too, to inherit a set of bankrupt policies and dead-end situations not of his making; he never could break free of the mesh of accumulated errors and miscalculations. The momentum of previously determined courses of action and commitments carried him along despite his efforts to change and modify them.

And his sense of social urgency was not shared by the public. Of late months he had been contending with a lethargic Congress that reflects a stalemate in public opinion; there has been no clear American mandate for anything of late other, perhaps, than to be let alone as much as possible and to accumulate a few more surpluses—of nearly everything from foodstuffs to uranium concentrate, from unemployed youth to stockpiles of obsolete weapons. But as the President came to understand the limitations of power as well as its uses, he had begun to chart new directions and to redirect the nation's thinking toward them. The test-ban treaty was the turning point. He was not given time to carry these policies very far, but fortunately he lived long enough to set them in motion. We had begun, under his maturing leadership, to cut back arms spending, to reduce some military commitments, to explore the possibilities for a gradual reduction of tensions—in a word, to make the great turn toward peace. John F. Kennedy will be remembered with affection and admiration for many fine qualities and achievements but above all for the fact that, after some false turns and starts, he set in motion the great task of directing American power toward broader objectives than deterrence and containment. The new course he had charted is implicit in these words from his address at the University of Maine (October 19, 1963):

> *While the road to . . . peace is long and hard, and full of traps and pitfalls, there is no reason not to take each step that we can safely take. It is in our national self-interest to ban nuclear testing in the atmosphere so that all of our citizens can breathe more easily. It is in our national self-interest to sell surplus wheat in storage to feed Russians and Eastern Europeans who are willing to divert large portions of their limited foreign-exchange reserves away from the implements of war.*
>
> *It is in our national self-interest to keep weapons of mass destruction out of outer space, to maintain an emergency communications link with Moscow, and to substitute joint and peaceful exploration in the Antarctic and outer space for cold-war exploitation.*
>
> *No one of these small advances, nor all of them taken together, can be interpreted as meaning that the Soviets are abandoning their basic aims and ambitions. Nor should any future, less friendly Soviet action — whether it is a stoppage on the autobahn, or a veto in the UN, or a spy in our midst, or new trouble elsewhere — cause us to regret the steps we have taken. Even if those steps themselves should be undone by the violation or renunciation of the test-ban treaty, for example, or by a decision to decline American wheat, there would still be no reason to regret the fact that this nation has made every responsible effort to improve relations.*
>
> *For without our making such an effort, we could not maintain the leadership and respect of the free world. Without our making such an effort, we could not convince our adversaries that war was not in their interest. And without our making such an effort, we could never, in case of war, satisfy our hearts and minds that we had done all that could be done to avoid the holocaust of endless death and destruction. . . .*

That he had brought us this far—and the polls would seem to show that he had struck a responsive chord—was the President's finest achievement.

The New President

Few Americans have a more intimate or expert knowledge of the legislative process or have had more skill in manipulating it than the President, Lyndon Johnson. He is also a professional politician in the best sense of the term. For a time he will enjoy immense public — to a degree bipartisan — support. While this tide of opinion lasts, he should be able to secure enactment of a major part of the Administration's legislative program, including a strong civil-rights measure which is now more or less obligatory as a memorial to President Kennedy. As the first Southern President in nearly a century, President Johnson should be able to carry all but the most intractable Southern opinion with him on most matters and to win a large measure of support from the Dixiecrats in Congress who, in times past, have been his close allies. Southern pride and Southern shame should compel a large measure of regional support for the new President; he may even be able to keep the volatile Texans — who, in times past, have spat on him as well as on Adlai Stevenson — in line. He has, moreover, the immense advantage of being able to appeal to national opinion in the name of the martyred President.

The liberals in the Senate know him well and were endlessly frustrated by his leadership tactics. But while they will watch his every move with care, he should be able to carry them along, as well as many liberal Republicans, if he will press hard for prompt Congressional action on the major pending measures. Congress will doubtless be the last to learn what the public thinks about it; but some measure of public dissatis-

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faction with the morale, if not the performance, of both houses must have found an echo there. The conventions are not far off and the new President does not have much time to make a record and evolve a Presidential style; but no one needs to tell him this — he is, one may be sure, acutely aware of his political problems. On balance he should succeed in salvaging much of the legislative program in the upcoming session.

The central question of the succession, however, is whether President Johnson, and the advisers he will select, will press to continue the policies of *détente* which President Kennedy initiated. Given time and the measure of public support that these policies enjoy, President Johnson is likely to carry through on them, too. He is not in the position of Mr. Truman, an "outsider" who suddenly found himself saddled with responsibility for carrying out policies that he had had little voice in formulating and with which he was not wholly in agreement. President Johnson is closely identified with the Kennedy policies and program, both in planning and execution, and it is reasonable to assume that he accepts the underlying assumptions. An able man, lifted to high office for which he is well prepared, he is not likely to suffer from any feelings of inadequacy or initial uncertainty; he will not waste any of the limited time at his disposal in setting out to win popular support and approval between now and November, 1964. He has a great opportunity and he knows it. We wish him well.

The Succession

Little time should be lost in substituting some more satisfactory mode of establishing the succession to the Presidency than the unfortunate order that Congress established in 1947. Under this act, if there is no Vice President at the time the President dies, the Speaker of the House becomes President; the President pro tempore of the Senate is next in line. Following these, the succession is as follows: Secretary of State, Secretary of Defense, Attorney General, Postmaster General, Secretary of the Interior, Secretary of Agriculture, Secretary of Commerce and Secretary of Labor.

The present situation, in which the Speaker is seventy-two years of age and the President pro tempore is eighty-six, should be disturbing enough to all factions of both parties to prompt some reconsideration of the problem of succession. The trouble with the present arrangement, apart from the age of the incumbents, is obvious. The constituencies that elect them can be, and often are, narrow and unrepresentative. Moreover, either might well be of a different party and hence quite out of sympathy with the deceased President's policies and program. There is no easy or entirely satisfactory solution to the problem (the alternatives were explored during hearings on the 1947 act), but the present arrangement is not desirable and should be changed. An order of succession through Cabinet officers, or based on a consensus of the Cabinet, is one possibility; or some mode of succession that would require concurrence of the Senate or the House or both, would be still another.

The immediate question, however, is not what order of succession to adopt, but prompt exploration of alternatives to the present order.

The Message

President Johnson's message to the Congress was largely predictable; the tone and content were accurately foreshadowed in the articles in this issue, all of which were in type before the message was delivered. The interest of the message is to be found in its ordering of priorities and its emphasis on action. The President drew loudest and most prolonged applause in what he had to say on civil rights and the necessity of calling a halt to bigotry, hatred and incitement to violence. He could have acquiesced in the postponement of action on civil rights until the new session of Congress convenes, but he wisely insisted on action now.

Is it too much to expect the Dixiecrats to understand that the tragic circumstances of President Kennedy's death, and President Johnson's call for prompt action on civil rights, offers them a means of escape from a painful predicament? They can, of course, filibuster on civil rights and thereby incur lasting national ill will in having opposed a fitting legislative memorial to the martyred President. Sooner or later, as the Dixiecrats must know, a civil-rights bill will be passed; delay, and an embittered debate, could lead to the enactment of a stronger civil-rights measure than one which might be passed now. The success of the Democratic Party in 1964—on which the Dixiecrats' preferred legislative position depends—will largely hinge on how promptly a civil-rights measure is enacted. If the tradition of Southern tactical skill in legislative matters still survives, the Dixiecrats will recognize the necessity of bowing to the national will on the issue of civil rights while it is possible for them to do so with at least a pretense of good grace.

In his ordering of foreign-policy objectives, the President wisely placed commitment to the United Nations at the top of the list. It is perhaps significant, also, that he avoided references to "enemies" and "menaces" of the type that have become ritualistic in too many messages during the cold-war years. In brief, the message was a forthright espousal of the Kennedy legislative program with emphasis on the early enactment of major measures as a necessity of demonstrating, to a somewhat disbelieving world, the viability of representative government in today's fast-changing times.

The Climate of Violence

What is needed in the wake of the tragic events in Dallas is not a national psalm-singing, breast-beating revival. Nor will it suffice when spokesmen for the "good people" of Dallas confront the TV cameras to discuss the problem of rehabilitating the city's "image." Nor is it enough to bewail the number of "disturbed"

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individuals in our society and the need to help them. Rather, national attention should be focused on the disposition to violence which lurks so close to the surface, not merely in Dallas and other parts of the South, but in every section. There are always "disturbed" persons about, and of moral regeneration we will always stand in need. More to the point is the fact that much of today's violence can be related to "official" attitudes and policies. A society that dedicates a large part of its energies, and the major part of the nation's budget, to the creation of fantastic instruments of destruction, can hardly plead surprise if traditional taboos against violence begin to abate. Recently we have gravely discussed the possibility that we might have to kill several hundreds of millions of human beings. The discussion has been conducted at all levels, even by the nation's religious leaders. When theologians assure us, as they have, that it is ethically proper to "gun down" a neighbor who might try to seek entry to one's private family shelter, it is hardly surprising that a great many people might come to accept the notion that "violence" has its uses. Newsreel shots, and vividly colored picture-spreads in national magazines, about the charms of napalm bombings and other aspects of jungle warfare, including the slaughter of civilians, can hardly be expected to instill a reverence for human life. Stories of CIA cloak-and-dagger activities in various parts of the world, including successful plots to overthrow "unfriendly" regimes, are not likely to augment respect for the rule of law. One could make up a library of sermons, editorials and speeches which have not only advocated violence in international affairs, but have incited violence against citizens with whose views the inciters have not happened to agree. Throughout the South, of recent years, there has been a steady build-up of violence, with more and more incidents, each a bit ghastlier than the ones before. Girls in a Birmingham church are blown to fragments. A sniper kills a Negro from ambush. Mob violence disgraces a university campus. Acts of violence receive implicit sanction and approval by elected officials. Defiance of law and order is incited, through precept and example, by these same officials. And so it has gone. All of which suggests that it is not alone a mood of national "repentance" that is needed so much as it is a closer look at "the big picture" of war and preparation for war, of the steady preachment of violence in one form or another and in the eclipse of social idealism. It is easy enough to generate a mood of "unity" in the wake of the tragic death of the President and to call loudly for an end to bigotry and hatred and violence. More to the point would be an effort to change the social climate in which violence, if not actually encouraged, is still not generally abhorred.

Now It's 'Quality Stabilization'

In theory the cornerstone of the free enterprise system is the free market, where sellers charge what the traffic will bear or, in a more enlightened perspective, what promises to maximize their profits in the long run. For their part, buyers shop around and make the best bargain they can. Sometimes it's a sellers' market, sometimes a buyers'.

But that is only the theory. The practice is for the more powerful producers to get together and fix prices when they can. They may do this surreptitiously and go to jail for it, as did some of the officials of the great electrical combines three years ago. But why work against the law when you can get the law to work for you? This thought, like a perennial plant, flowers every year in "fair trade" bills in the Congress and the state legislatures. This year is no exception, but "fair trade" has become such a palpable decoy that the measure now before the Congress has been officially christened the "quality stabilization" bill.

"Quality stabilization" does have a sweeter sound but it is the same con game, put forward under the same old pretense—to protect the small retailer. What the bill would actually do is enable the big national manufacturer and distributor of brand-name merchandise to dictate to the small retailer and penalize him if he fails to conform. The manufacturer would be armed with federal authority to refuse to sell his goods to anyone who resold below the price fixed by the manufacturer. This technique is an improvement on the earlier method of suspending the federal anti-trust laws to the extent of permitting states to adopt price-fixing statutes. Most of the state price-fixing laws have been overthrown in the courts or simply not enforced; the proponents of price-fixing have therefore staked their remaining hopes on action in Washington.

Not a single government department favors the "quality stabilization" bill. Federal Trade Commission chairman, Paul Rand Douglas, points out that it would tend to raise the general price level but, since the bill does not attempt to regulate a store's own brands, the big chains would continue to distribute their own labels at cut-rate prices and the small merchant would be in the same plight as before. Walter Heller, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, is opposed to the bill, and so are the Consumers Advisory Council, the Treasury Department, the Small Business Administration, the Justice Department's Anti-Trust Division, the Department of Agriculture, the Defense Department (which calculates that the bill could wipe out the $1.2 billion pay raise recently enacted for servicemen) and the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, which is particularly concerned with the effect of higher food and drug prices on persons wholly or partially dependent on social-security payments.

It is predicted, nevertheless, that the House will pass the bill if the Rules Committee allows it to reach the floor. Consumers are unorganized, but small retail merchants can put heavy pressure on Congressmen. All that can save the small retailer, actually, is low overhead, low prices, larger volume, personal service and efficient operation. Those who are still pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of price-fixing, and who rage against the "misguided, bargain-crazed, bait-chasing, stamp-licking consumer," need to be saved from their own credulity.

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A MOST UNSTUFFY MAN . . . . H. Stuart Hughes

This has been a cruel year. In the space of six months we have lost Pope John and our own President. Together they stood for a new and better relationship in our country between Catholics and non-Catholics — for the great ecumenical hope that is hovering over us all.

This was the first of two changes that the advent of President Kennedy epitomized. His election meant that our choice was also no longer restricted by practice and unwholesome tradition to one particular category of American citizens. Now that a representative of the largest of our minorities had broken through the invisible barriers that had confined our choice of leaders, there was no reason why others from less accepted minorities should not follow him. In actuality now, rather than in civics-text platitude, the Presidency had been thrown open to everyone, regardless of religion or color — or even of sex.

The second great change was the coming to power of a new generation, the generation born during the First World War which had fought the Second War together. For them — for those of my own age — the President had suddenly and rather surprisingly become their contemporary. He was no longer a father; he was one of us, whether friend or rival. For myself, I had played football with him as a boy, and although life had completely separated us in subsequent years, I could never think of him except as Jack, long before the newspapers had made the nickname a national cliché. Even in death I find it impossible to speak of him with the usual solemn formality, and I think he would have preferred it that way. He was a most unstuffy man.

I will not here give a eulogy or recount a life. You know it all — the papers have been full of it. Nor would it be quite proper for me to do so; life cast me too often in opposition to him. Those of us who in the past years were committed

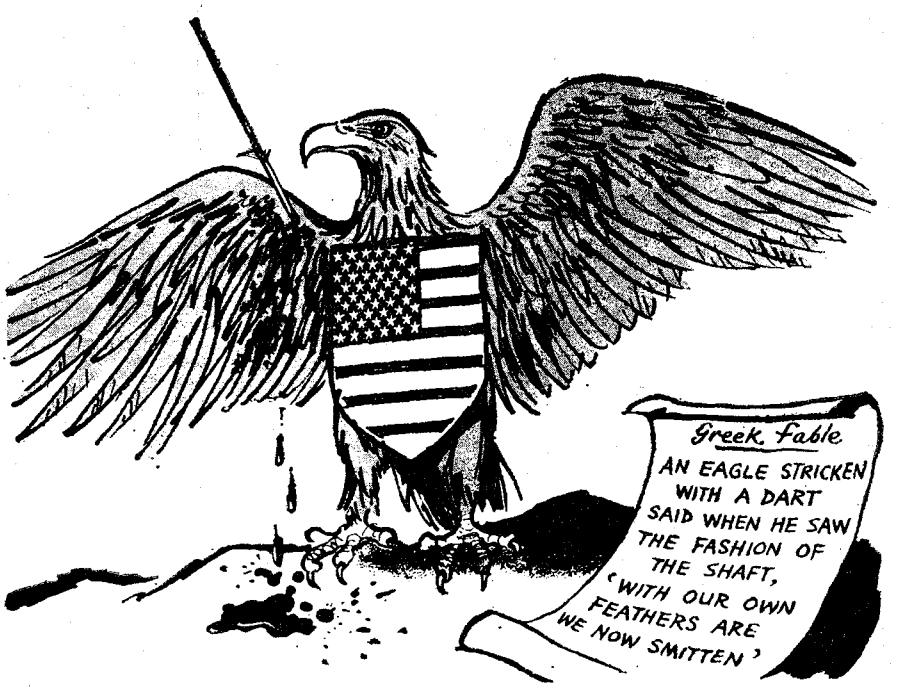
to the scramble of American politics were too close up against the President to see fully who he was. Now that he is gone—now that we compare him to others — we suddenly see a void and feel our loss. It is as though we could appreciate his full stature only after his death. So we should search our consciences. Were we always fair in judging him? — or, beyond that, were we always charitable?

Like so many, I was in a public place when the news began to come in. People did not know what to do — whether to go about their ordinary pursuits or to give themselves wholly to their grief. These first moments were the most impressive part of the first forty-eight hours — the disarray, the broken phrases, the inability to say what one felt — before the TV sets began to grind and the official mourning took over.

I heard just one expression of anger. A Negro came by shaking his head and muttering in bitter irony: "Only in America."

His anger reflected what most of us at first thought: that the crime had been committed by a Southern racist. Indeed, if we look deeply into our souls, I think many of us will recognize that we were disappointed to learn that such was not the case. As I have tried to meditate on these matters, I have finally come to the conclusion that it is better this way. Had the assassin been a Southern extremist, it would have fitted our own prejudices and our own political commitment. Our grief would have been tinged with a spirit of hatred and revenge. This way, our sorrow is pure: there is no hate in our hearts.

Does this mean that what the President experienced was no more than an ambiguous martyrdom — that he died a senseless death? I


Greek Fable
AN EAGLE STRICKEN WITH A DART SAID WHEN HE SAW THE FASHION OF THE SHAFT, 'WITH OUR OWN FEATHERS ARE WE NOW SMITTEN'

Ben Roth Agency

H. Stuart Hughes, author of Consciousness and Society and other works, is professor of history at Harvard University. In 1962 he ran as an independent candidate for the United States Senate from Massachusetts.

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do not think so. Nothing can take away the memory of courage and good humor with which he went into the South — where he knew so many people hated him — nor the sense of strength and mastery that he conveyed at the end. His death stands as a dreadful warning against the violence lying just under the surface of our bland and agreeable national character. Again and again in the past months it had broken out in mad killings. We have tried to forget them, we have tried to push it under the rug and to think of other things. Now it has struck our President; we can no longer pretend it isn't there. Now we know that we can permit such things to happen no longer — that the blind killing must stop.

As with Pope John, Jack Kennedy's last months were his best. As in the case of the Pope, he seems to have had a sense that there was not much time left. It was now or never if he was to leave his mark on history. Jack Kennedy had been a hard-driving boy; as a man he gave the impression of not being able to wait; of feeling that his every minute was counted. So it was just at the end that he made his start in the two great directions that emerged from the struggles of last summer and autumn—toward peace with the test ban, toward human equality with the civil-rights bill. Both were aimed against violence and hatred. They are his legacy to us.

Jack Kennedy died at the top of his form. There was no loss of capacity, no diminuendo, no anti-climax. I think that was the way he would have preferred to die. We saw him at the last at his very best, bearing witness against the multiple evils that beset our world, his death a symbol of our hope to still the violence and hatred in our hearts.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS

Ted Lewis

In these post-Kennedy days, the major political problem of President Johnson, looking toward 1964, concerns whether Northern Democrats and independent voters will look on him as an authentic liberal in the FDR, Truman, Stevenson and JFK tradition.

His ability to solve this problem is the key to the outcome of the next Presidential election, for Mr. Johnson is unlikely to fashion out a victory without winning a substantial share of the industrial key states of the North and East where liberal sentiment is strongest.

It is a difficult problem because Left-of-Center Northern Democrats suspect the verity of any Southerner's espousal of political liberalism. In Johnson's case, the difficulty is compounded because in his own state of Texas, the Democratic Party organization, of which he is a part, is controlled by the conservative element. The liberal faction of the party in Texas is typified by Senator Ralph Yarborough, an anti-Johnson organization critic.

Adding to the problem is the fact that he was chosen by the late President Kennedy to be his running mate in 1960 because it was felt he could hold Southern states in line for the party. This was on the basis that he could appeal to Dixie conservative leaders as a moderate, at least in contrast to JFK's determined liberal approach.

Now, facing up to Presidential 1964, the new President must, in a real sense, seek to develop his voting strength primarily in the big-electoral-vote states of the East and Midwest — east of the Alleghenies especially, where his predecessor was strongest and he, Johnson, is apt to be weakest.

It was of course primarily because Kennedy had appeared unbeatable in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts that the "Draft Goldwater" boom got off the ground. The design for a Goldwater victory was based on the idea that he could capitalize on anti-Kennedy racial-rights sentiment in the South, to win most of the electoral votes of that area. There was also the fact of Goldwater strength in the Midwestern, farm and mountain states—states for which no other GOP Presidential possibility appeared to be capable of competing.

Due to the death of President Kennedy and the Johnson succession, the key states in the East therefore become, almost unquestionably, the chief battleground of the 1964 campaign. And so the Republican Party is most likely to nominate for President a man from the East most capable of taking from Johnson the electoral votes that lie there. As a result, there has been the obvious ascendancy in the candidacy of New York Governor Rockefeller and Pennsylvania Governor William Scranton.

As this trend away from Goldwater is now developing, it will more and more accentuate the liberalism of both Rockefeller and Scranton. This is almost axiomatic. It could lead to a fall campaign in which the somewhat amazing GOP claim would be made that the true pragmatic liberal was Rockefeller, for example, while Johnson was labeled an opportunist, trying to be a liberal in the North and a conservative in the South.

At least this could be the heart of an appeal for votes in New York and Pennsylvania, leaving the preaching of a moderate middle-of-the-road doctrine in stump speeches confined to the West and South. It could happen just that way simply because the definition of a political liberal changed markedly in the three Kennedy years.

Even Goldwater has been referred to this year as a "true liberal." Kennedy himself contributed to the confusion over the meaning of "liberal." There developed a preference in the White House for the word "progressive," for the word "pragmatist." As a result, the Kennedy brand of liberalism was often questioned by Left-of-Center Democrats such as Senator Paul Douglas.

Nevertheless, had President Kennedy lived, he most certainly would have been an authentic liberal in the 1964 campaign, while still seeking to hold the strategic middle ground of moderation.

Johnson's problem, because of this semantic confusion, is even more complex. He cannot hold to the middle of the road without being vulnerable to charges that he is actually a conservative. He must, it would then appear, become more liberal than he is now — perhaps even the idealistic Adlai Stevenson type of liberal—to have a chance of

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carrying the key industrial states he needs to be elected a year hence.

This is a problem for the Democratic Party as well as for President Johnson. It has a tradition of naming for the Presidency a man who stands for liberal causes — social-welfare legislation and experimental, even daring, new policies, globally and economically. The party's success from that strategy is indisputable. It finds its proof in the so-called "me too" Presidential campaigns of Republicans, based on the acceptance of accomplishments of Democratic administrations, with a promise to do the same but more efficiently and cheaply.

However, until now the Democrats had assiduously avoided picking a Southerner, no matter how liberal, as its Presidential nominee. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee came close in 1952, but only because he was anathema to the Southern wing of the party. If it had been otherwise, his liberalism would have been suspect in the North.

That is one of the difficulties the party faces concerning Lyndon Johnson. While his record in Congress, back to New Deal days, has a clear liberal imprint on it, some of his best political friends through the years have been staunch Southern conservatives, such as Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia. These close contacts continued after he became Vice President, in spite of his constant and loyal support of the Kennedy legislative program and his tireless, effective appeals for a strong racial-rights law.

However, the party at its August convention in Atlantic City must, no matter whether it questions the intrinsic liberalism of Johnson, name the President as its candidate. To do otherwise would be to repudiate the record of the previous four years of the Kennedy-Johnson administration. It has no one else to turn to anyway, for by all odds the President is, since the tragic death of JFK, the most attractive candidate available, and definitely more likely to win than any other.

The format will obviously call for a party platform even more solidly of the welfare-state and civil-rights type than that of 1960. This will give the nominee a leverage for an appeal to independent voters and liberals of all parties.

It is also most likely that a running mate will be selected who will add strength to the ticket in the battleground East. Unfortunately for the party, there are few "name" Democrats of national stature who would give the Eastern balance a ticket headed by Johnson needs. Probably the one who would assist most in the fight for New York's significant 43 electoral votes is Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, a Jew and one of Kennedy's key supporters in 1960.

New York Mayor Robert Wagner would be a far less likely choice, for in 1964, the party convention is going to be distinctly aware of the necessity of choosing a Vice Presidential candidate with wide experience in the affairs of the federal Establishment. The fact that a Vice President is but a "heart beat" away from the White House must figure definitely in the choice, due to LBJ's heart attack.

When the showdown comes on this issue, Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota might well be the preferred choice. He has the definite liberal tag on him, which would carry weight in all the industrial states, East, Midwest or in California. Or, if not Humphrey, Senator Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, a Catholic and a Stevenson liberal.

Despite the knotty political problems in President Johnson's immediate future, there is solid proof that he has definite national appeal, and in his own right. In the 1960 Democratic convention, the first and only ballot gave Kennedy 806 votes, Johnson 409, Symington 86 and Stevenson 79½.

The bulk of LBJ's vote was from the South, but the remainder was significantly widespread in view of pressure from the Kennedy bandwagon. For example, Johnson had 7½ votes out of California's 81 total, all of Delaware's 11, 3 out of 9 from Hawaii, 4½ of 6 in Idaho, 3½ of New York's 114, 4 of Pennsylvania's 81 and 13 of New Mexico's 17; in addition, there were die-hard Johnson supporters in the Iowa, Montana, Nebraska, South Dakota, Utah, Washington and West Virginia delegations.

It was the size and the extent of this Johnson vote, obtained after only a most perfunctory last-minute effort to keep Kennedy from being nominated, that contributed to his being offered the Vice Presidency. It was certainly obvious that the gesture was needed in the interest of party harmony.

It was desirable for other reasons than to keep as much of the South in line for the ticket as possible. Johnson had more of an appeal in the Mountain States and the West generally than the New England Senator and Catholic, Kennedy. And in 1964, Johnson's strength in the same electoral-vote areas will also have to be recognized. Additionally, as a Presidential nominee he is likely to be more effective than Kennedy would have been in securing or assisting in the re-election of a group of Democratic Senators who have particular hazards.

Most of these Senators come from states where Republicanism is on the rise, especially of the Goldwater type—for example, Senators Quentin Burdick of North Dakota, Howard W. Cannon of Nevada, Gale McGee in Wyoming and Frank E. Moss in Utah. Even Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana is in this category.

Of all the other Democratic Senators who might be defeated by a Republican trend, only a few—William Proxmire in Wisconsin, Eugene McCarthy in Minnesota, Stephen Young in Ohio and Vance Hartke in Indiana — will find a ticket headed by Johnson less preferable than one headed by Kennedy.

The logical Republican candidate to take on Johnson is New York's Rockefeller. He is the best nationally known Republican from the East. His basic weakness vis-à-vis Kennedy was that it was doubtful he could carry his own state, and that he could carry few of the others in the region out of which Kennedy fashioned victory three years ago.

Against Johnson, he is the nominee most likely to carry New York (43 electoral votes), New Jersey (17), the bulk of New England (totaling 44) and (except for Governor William Scranton) Pennsylvania (29). Against Johnson, he would probably be the preferred candidate in the Midwest, especially in Ohio (26), and in the Far West could take California (40 electoral votes).

This is on the assumption that he will begin to accent his liberal republicanism (he started out to do so but moved to the moderate

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middle ground to check Goldwater).

It is difficult for observers here in Washington to figure out any way Goldwater can survive the emergence of Johnson; the burden of the Arizona Senator's case was a broadside attack on Kennedy policy and errors, which in a campaign could be effective only if he were running against "the Kennedys."

His chances of winning as "Mr. Conservative" had to center on the popularity of his States'-rights views on civil rights and anti-Kennedy feeling in the South. His strength in the West and Middle West, where there has been a conservative swing, subsides against Johnson. Generally speaking, in states where Kennedy was considered weaker and Goldwater strong, Johnson is strong.

The irony of fate is that JFK's assassination set the political time clock out of kilter by five years. The Johnson-Rockefeller, or Johnson-Scranton, Johnson-Romney or Johnson-Nixon battle for the Presidency was anticipated for 1968, not 1964. Unfortunately or fortunately, depending on one's point of view, it is almost definitely not going to be fought out on ideological grounds — a staunch GOP conservative against a Democratic liberal. It will be the same old "me too" style of campaign that has fuzzed up all of our national elections since 1932. The danger is that what John Kenneth Galbraith calls "the liturgy of American liberalism," and considers corrupt, will be the central theme in the great political debate.

As Galbraith has said in an article in *The Washington Post*, all too often in the past this "liturgy" has been "trundled out at election time as once were the candidate's trains, urged in a torrent of words and then put away for four years."

This would not be so but for the fact that White House opponents insist on working the same side of the street, and because they do have to exaggerate the value of their own product.

The Party's Responsibility

James Tracy Crown

It would be typical of John F. Kennedy at a moment of tragic crisis to give full attention to bereavement and honoring of the dead and then to make decisions about the political consequences of the tragedy before events had swept decisions beyond control. Those who contributed to Kennedy's electoral mandate, not just because they were against Nixon or charmed by John Kennedy, but because they believed in the issues for which Kennedy had voted in the Senate and fought for until his death are suddenly forced to be as stoic and politically thoughtful as Kennedy, even while the consolation of suspended thought and judgment entices us all.

Unless we can think before our emotional catharsis has run its course, the most serious consequences may follow. We will all be caught up in one great political ball of wax from which we cannot escape, against which we cannot even struggle for another five years.

This ball of wax is as amorphous as President Johnson's political career, as stultifying as American "politics as usual." It is composed of two main elements, carefully blended together so that the seams do not show. First comes President Johnson's appeal for national unity and bipartisanship, of which he, to the country's great, good fortune, was a master in the Senate. It is an appeal to which, when valid, all must and should respond unstintingly.

The second element will undoubtedly be Johnson's appeal for unity among Democrats based on the fact that due to Kennedy's "balancing act" in Los Angeles in 1960, plus a rifle bullet, Johnson has been able to pre-empt the 1964 convention. All good Democrats are to fall into line reasonably, asking no price higher than jobs and defense contracts. This second element is a political appeal which deserves an unsentimental, discriminating political response.

Johnson's forte in the Senate was always to blend two such considerations into such a comforting mixture that only the most astute could extricate themselves.

The Establishment press helped in his task then, and it helps him now. Yet it is not accidental that in 1957 at the gridiron dinner, where working pressmen may impishly speak their minds, the Democratic skit was done before a backdrop emblazoned, "Dr. Lyndon B. Johnson's Jolly Pill Factory in Milltown, USA."

If this sounds somewhat harsh on a brave, hard working and heavily burdened new President, let it be noted that nothing thus far said denies that President Johnson could become a fine President. He may very well do so; but if he does, it will be in large part because of his response to issue-oriented liberal Democrats.

If Kennedy Democrats are to work along rather than merely "go along" with their able new President, they must begin now to answer the following challenging questions. Answers to these questions must be attempted right now in the privacy of one's saddened mind, in small private meetings and in public meetings by leaders and rank and filers alike. The questions that are basic to intelligent action are as follows:

What can reasonably be asked of President Johnson by liberal Democrats?

What kind of political man is Johnson?

What dangerous pitfalls are particularly to be avoided in working with President Johnson by those burdened with an emotional, as well as an issue, attachment to John F. Kennedy?

Finally, what action must be taken by liberal Democrats now?

With due respect to a still-mourning nation, the uncertainties of political developments, the frailties of individuals and the rich diversity of opinions among liberal Democrats, a beginning attempt will be made here to answer these questions, at least in part.

What Can Reasonably Be Asked? The answer to this must be the main Kennedy program—not just requested in brave words to Con-

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gress, but also in budget items and legislative bills strongly supported and achieved.

Despite the great screening of responsibility that our constitutional and political system allows, there is nothing in the American political creed that precludes members of a majority (no matter how slim a one) from insisting on carrying out its mandate. Indeed, if we want to keep the rational in politics, it is essential that we act as if carrying out an electoral mandate is both possible and urgent, even by a Chief Executive succeeding to the office from the Vice Presidency.

At present, this specifically means that President Johnson should pursue with all his strength the main issues on which Kennedy, and to some extent he, campaigned and which Kennedy pressed as President. Johnson can reasonably be asked to do this before he comes back next summer to a national Democratic convention and asks to become a national Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

He can be reasonably asked to support a Vice Presidential nominee, tested, experienced, able, who truly represents the urban Northern-liberal-labor wing of the party, and whose presence on the ticket would be definite assurance to Negroes that there would be no "pause" in the struggle to achieve full equality.

These requests are politically reasonable because their fulfillment represents the only way Lyndon B. Johnson can become President through election, as is demonstrated by the answers to the next question.

What Kind of Political Man is Johnson? For immediate and overwhelmingly important political purposes, the most salient political fact about Johnson is that he is not yet fully a national figure. Despite the enormous contributions of the press and television to the ball of wax previously mentioned, which make it seem as if overnight Johnson has become established as a truly national figure, every precinct leader outside the South knows this simply is not so. During the 1960 campaign, Johnson was largely ghettoized in the South. He has had little experience in attracting and moving urban crowds anywhere outside the South. He has superb sensitivity to the complex emotions and interests which motivate the Southern voter and invaluable ability to bring out the very best and restrain the worst in them. But he has often proved himself appallingly ignorant of the complex creature the urban, non-Southern voter is, and the art of creating enthusiasm in these men and women has thus far largely escaped him.

The key to Johnson politically is that he wants to be, but is not quite yet, a political realist. Johnson has always been successful to a fault in Washington, D.C., a town always willingly his, where he has been lion tamer and exalted high operator-in-chief. But Washington's precincts are the most parochial in America. The measure of Johnson's remove is that he actually believed in 1960 that with his distinctly regional voting record in the Senate he stood a serious chance of being the *elected* President of the United States. While it is true that he has taken steps to alter his "image" since then, these have been very limited steps; at the moment he needs national liberal Democrats quite as much as they need him. They would be fools to accept the newspaper gloss that he is a much shrewder politician than they. As President he can control their convention, true, but they hold the key to his victory.

From the ball of wax in front of my radio and pile of newspapers I have peered out to see what I had written about Johnson when writing *Kennedy in Power* in September, 1961, long before my emotional sympathies with Johnson and his present predicament began to take command. I had then written:

> *Vice-President Lyndon Johnson could still become President — though probably not through election. . . . Nothing so strongly reminds the country of how much, despite his caution, Kennedy is a liberal national Democrat as the contemplation of Vice-President Johnson in the top executive post.*

Was this a fair judgment? I have asked myself. Various communications media, including liberal papers, have begun to indicate that such judgments were not fair. But, alas, as they used to say at the *New York Mirror*, oververification has spoiled many a good story.

A careful searching of Johnson's Congressional record indicates that his bucolic chestnut about how "Franklin Roosevelt was like a Daddy to me" was largely rhetoric. The AFL-CIO voting record, a donkey that never forgets, shows Senator Johnson voting wrong on injunction legislation, unemployment compensation, natural gas regulations, off-shore oil, oil depletion, tax allowances and Senate rules, particularly concerning filibusters. On the other hand, he often supported social security legislation, foreign aid and a very—underscore very—limited civil-rights bill, all of which were not particularly popular with his financial backers at home.

A comparison of his with other

Southern voting records (Johnson, despite pretensions, was never truly a Westerner) shows that even on non-civil-rights issues, Johnson was clearly less of a national Democrat than Senators Lister Hill and John Sparkman of Alabama — a pretty tough state from which to be national Democrats — and certainly less of a national Democrat than Senators Kefauver or Gore of Tennessee, or Yarborough of Texas. Johnson on this score ranks about with Senator Olin Johnston of South Carolina, hardly as progressive a state as is Johnson's urbanizing Texas.

On foreign affairs, Johnson at times seems to have been assigned as Kennedy's thunderer, thus taking on, perhaps unwillingly, tones of Dulles. Eisenhower notes in his memoirs that from their respective hospital beds in 1955, Johnson paired in favor of a resolution authorizing Eisenhower, if he saw fit, to make war over Quemoy and Matsu; Kennedy, much to Ike's cha-

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grin, paired against the resolution.

Johnson, on the other hand, has supported Kennedy's test-ban treaty and shown a strong sympathy for the needs of developing countries. Yet from his general record, one could hardly conclude that the work of such groups as the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy is completed. This rather mixed record raises the next question.

What Pitfalls Are To Be Avoided in Working with Johnson? Most important, Johnson's potential for growth, while not to be romanticized, must not be underestimated; and emotional attachment to the attractive Kennedy "image" must not cause petulance toward the new Democratic President. Candidate Kennedy, seeking balance, at Los Angeles opportunistically enticed Johnson onto the ticket. (His victory, it should be remembered, may well have depended on this act.) But beyond opportunism, Kennedy believed correctly that the Democratic Party and the country could do much worse than to have Johnson as leader and President, respectively.

Johnson understands a great deal about power. Like Truman, he can face harsh realities and make hard, quick decisions—not always liberal Democratic qualities. He is decent, intelligent, hard-driving, thoroughly political and deeply patriotic. He will never spare his talents where his country's needs are concerned. He has a warm and generous side to his personality that helps him win cooperation from tough opponents. Particularly in his last years in the Senate and during his Vice Presidency, he showed considerable growth as an individual and politician — not nearly enough yet to win election in 1964, but still impressive.

It should be remembered that a strong civil-rights act issuing from Johnson is as good as a strong civil-rights act coming from Kennedy. But it must be strong, and it must be forthcoming—an act, not a bill.

Any arguments with Johnson must be over issues, not personalities. No one must be surly when, after a discreet passage of time, Johnson begins to replace Kennedy favorites with his own in administration. That is his privilege and duty. If they are mainly Texans, that does not matter; the only pertinent question must be whether they are able.

A Scripps-Howard writer has written of Johnson on the first day of his Presidency: "He has virtually no time for music, for culture, for games, for art, for small talk. His primary interest is politics." This may distress some national Democrats, but they should remember that this is a private matter. The White House has seldom been a cultural center and cannot normally be expected to be one. All that counts is whether Johnson delivers the legislation or not; never mind if it is urged in "corny" ways.

What Can Be Done Now? National Democrats, Kennedy Democrats, liberal Democrats must become witnesses and watchers. In public and private they must explain the important issues for which Kennedy stood, particularly the measures for effective civil rights, alleviating unemployment, improved education, medical care for the aged and for a secure peace. President Kennedy must not be allowed to be turned into a slick magazine's political Rudolph Valentino. He was an issue-oriented Democrat, and we must all bear witness to the fact in order to help carry his work forward.

Issue-oriented national Democrats must also be watchers, in a time of peril, when it is far from clear that America's promise will be kept. They must watch the Congressional Establishment that stands between Presidential mandates and achievement, and make clear day by day to their fellow voters how that Establishment is sabotaging the Kennedy mandate and why changes must be made in the machinery (particularly in the rule of seniority) before American elections can again become meaningful.

They must also be watchers of the military-industrial complex against whose ascendancy Eisenhower warned and Kennedy and McNamara fought. They must watch also to see whether Johnson carries on the work of overriding the contract-hungry military-industrial complex in order to pursue a nuclear *détente* with the Soviet Union. They must watch because his political life has been closely involved with the political distribution and entrenchment of enormous defense and space expenditures; outsized portions have gone to Texas and the Congressional Establishment of which Johnson was a charter member.

Above all, as John Fitzgerald Kennedy advised: "We must disenthrall ourselves!"

THE TV IMAGE

Paul T. David

The decision of the networks to omit all commercials and cancel all entertainment features, devoting themselves to coverage of events until after the Kennedy funeral, is in itself one of the most remarkable episodes of our times. Evidently there was a precedent, perhaps more than one, that existed at least in the mind of Dr. Frank Stanton, who has been in the industry long enough to have a memory. But the precedents, such as they were, were laid down in the days of radio and not television. Many of us remember well the day that Franklin D. Roosevelt died; but television was not functioning on any wide basis at that time.

Television, having committed itself to exclusive coverage of a single subject for the equivalent of three to four calendar days, had the maximum impact, both quantitatively and qualitatively, of which it is capable. Governor Albertis S. Harrison, Jr., of Virginia, for example, meeting the cameras late Saturday for comment, said, "I never in my life expected to spend six hours looking at television, but last night I did."

So did all the rest of us. It does not take a Nielson survey to suggest that very nearly the entire population was looking at television for many hours that Friday afternoon and evening, with lesser but still tremendous viewing au-

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diences on Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

The effect has been a learning experience so great and so complex that its full importance cannot easily be assessed. The only time when human attitudes change rapidly in large groups is under the sudden impact of great events. The present case has every potential for a massive change in attitudes.

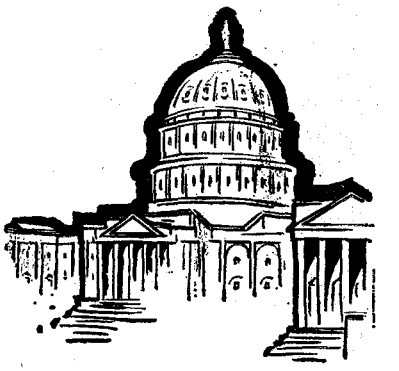
Nothing could have been more calculated to stir emotions than the Kennedy assassination and the suddenness of the Johnson accession. Television has multiplied the effect of these events by hours upon hours of sharp visual imagery. The imagery, moreover, was not confined to the events in Dallas and Washington. To fill the time, if for no other reason, there were also many hours of the Kennedy political biography — a television obituary such as has never occurred before. There was also an extensive coverage of the Johnson political biography; and all along there was the constant reporting from abroad, and the conversations with the network correspondents abroad.

What the networks did was eminently fitting and proper, and in no way calculated to give partisan advantage to anyone. I suggest, however, that it has already had immense political consequences. Those consequences are almost entirely to the advantage of the Democratic Party and the prospective Democratic nominee, Lyndon Johnson. They left me convinced that he will probably be elected in 1964.

The record of the Democratic Party for the last three years has been wrapped up as the record of a man who has already become a folk hero, a martyred President. Nothing could be better to run on in 1964.

Johnson has been revealed as a man who was an active, influential, and highly successful Vice President. This may not be how the Washington press corps remembers it, but this is how it was shown to the American people at a moment when they were prepared and willing to pay attention.

The film clips from Johnson's many speeches and appearances abroad were especially impressive. His origins in frontier America were evident, the delivery was excellent, and he made sense. If he goes forward with the Kennedy commitment to meet his Republican opponent in a series of debates — a commitment that he would find difficult to avoid, even should he wish to do so — Johnson will probably give a good account of himself in the debating situation. His whole experience suggests that he will be at his best in the direct confrontation that television makes possible.



Unprecedented Succession

Robert S. Hirschfield

Lyndon Johnson's succession to the Presidency presents the new Chief Executive and the nation with an unprecedented situation. Three Vice Presidents — Andrew Johnson, Chester Arthur and Theodore Roosevelt — have come to office as the result of assassination; four others — Tyler, Fillmore, Coolidge and Truman — upon the natural death of a President. But in none of these instances has there been so little time remaining in the dead President's term in office.

Despite the mourning for John Kennedy, politics will soon dominate the national scene. 1964 is a Presidential election year, and Presidential politics will be the dominant theme of our national life under the new Administration — as it would have been under the old — except that the struggle for the office will now be more intense and the outcome more in doubt.

Despite the pre-assassination activity of Governor Rockefeller and Senator Goldwater, and notwithstanding the probability of some Southern defection from the Democratic Party, it was generally accepted that John Kennedy would win a second term next year. Now all that is changed. Not only will there be a more serious fight for the Republican nomination (with Richard Nixon a likely contender), but there will also be a major Republican campaign effort to retrieve the Presidency. For Lyndon Johnson, now the head of his party and its nominee-apparent, the campaign has already begun.

These political realities will also largely determine the new Administration's policies and personnel. The new President has little choice but to adopt his predecessor's policies, run on his record and keep his governmental team intact.

Johnson cannot, except at great political risk, reconstitute the Cabinet, since this would impugn the character of the former administration. President Johnson was himself a leading figure in that administration, but equally important, Secretaries Rusk and McNamara, Ambassador Stevenson and especially Attorney General Robert Kennedy are now symbols of continuity in the Executive Office. Mr. Johnson will be free to substitute his own associates for the Kennedy White House "team" (the special assistants, counsel, press and other secretaries), since these relationships are personal; but even if he desired to do so, political wisdom will forbid changes in the formal structure of the office.

Similarly, the President must accept responsibility for both the positive and the negative aspects of the Kennedy record. Cuba and Oxford, Miss., accommodation with the Soviet Union and stalemate in Congress all now become part of his own Administration's record, and though he will receive neither the full credit nor the full blame for his predecessor's activities, it is the Kennedy record on which Johnson must stand.

As for policies, President Kennedy laid down the major guide lines, both in domestic and foreign affairs, to which the new Adminis-

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tration will be committed. The policy of seeking a *détente* in international relations has intrinsic value in preventing the cold war from turning hot, but for the Johnson Administration it is also part of the Kennedy legacy — which cannot be repudiated. Similarly with regard to domestic affairs, including the Kennedy civil-rights program. In short, President Johnson's time in office must be viewed as the fourth year of the Kennedy administration, and like all fourth years, it will be essentially a period of defending that administration's record and campaigning for re-election.

As the strangest Presidential election year in American history begins, Lyndon Johnson has a number of advantages. First of all there is, fortunately, no foreign crisis which demands an immediate Presidential response; nor is there a domestic emergency calling for decisive Executive action. Moreover, it is likely that foreign adversaries will display restraint for a longer period of time than will Johnson's political foes at home, and it is even possible that the murder of a President will calm the atmosphere of violence which has gripped the nation for the past year. Secondly, President Johnson inherits a complete governmental program and a tested administration. The Kennedy policies cover virtually all the major problem areas of our national life; and though many of those policies are not yet operative, all have been formulated in some detail. The officials responsible for designing and administering the Kennedy program are experienced and competent. Thirdly—and most important—the new President himself has a broader and deeper background in government and politics than any successor in history. A member of the House of Representatives for eleven years and of the Senate for twelve, Majority Leader in the Upper House for eight years and Vice President for three, he has had vast experience in both of the political branches of government, and has held and exercised formidable power.

The lack of time left to create his own Administration is not the only problem that confronts the new President. He is also identified as a Southerner and, by many, as a conservative. His manner, speech and style of operation differ from Kennedy's to such an extent that comparision will be inevitable. As a candidate to succeed himself he will not have the full advantage of incumbency. And his commitment to the Kennedy legacy may not be convincing to all elements of the national Democratic Party.

His greatest specific campaign problem will clearly be the civil-rights issue, as it would have been for President Kennedy. Johnson must stand on the Kennedy civil-rights program, but more significant will be the manner in which he pursues that program. It may well be this issue on which Lyndon Johnson's bid for his own term as President will depend; the way he deals with it will be the most significant indication of his capacity for leadership.

The crisis that the nation faces in the wake of John F. Kennedy's murder is a crisis of politics, partly because the tragedy occurred in the third year of our quadrennial political cycle, and partly because it removed from the scene the leading political figure of the day. But another dimension of this crisis involves our entire political system and our claim to freedom as a nation; for we also face a crisis of conscience. The act that took John Kennedy's life was an act of anarchy, and it came out of a climate of disregard for the orderly processes of government. Violence in domestic affairs means death, a truth made stronger because the victim in this instance was so full of life.

Kaiser: Model for Latin America . . . David Smyth

The day the last United States company is wiped out in Latin America there will really be only one comment left to make: They asked for it.

American businesses currently have about $9 billion invested in the score of republics south of the border — a sizable stake to lose. And they may well throw it all down the drain unless some drastic company policy changes are pushed through in the next few years.

There has been no lack of danger signals about their present policies. The first big alarm went off in the 1930s when Mexico closed in on foreign oil companies there. Another warning flashed in the 1950s when Guatemala installed a Red-tinged government—a move widely considered in Latin America as a legitimate national rebellion against the United Fruit Company of Boston, crushed by the Central Intelligence Agency of Washington.

In 1959 came Fidel Castro, and out went the United States sugar and mining companies from Cuba.

It is now legitimate to ask whether the same fate is not in store in the near future for other American interests throughout Latin America.

Even the Red light of the Castro revolution, however, has apparently failed to ruffle the serene complacency of the board rooms in New York. Here we are one-third of the way through the 1960s—with Red terrorists dynamiting American-owned oil pipe lines in Venezuela every two or three weeks; with local governments moving to expropriate United States-owned utilities in one Brazilian state after another; with Argentina threatening to annul all the oil contracts signed by American firms and a former Argentine government; with ominous rumblings of discontent in Chile against American-owned copper mines; with trouble looming ahead for American economic interests in Peru, Panama and elsewhere.

Can most of this trouble be staved off, and if so, what is American business doing about it? The answer is it can be staved off, and American business is doing practically nothing about it.

Heedless of the storm signals, ludicrously indignant when it gets hurt, United States business in Latin America continues stubbornly on

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its way toward extinction, like the mastodon. One day its corpse may be dug out of a glacier, the lush grass of once-sunny pastures still half-chewed in its mouth, and exhibited in a historical museum as an example of what can happen in swift changes of climate. Meanwhile it plods heavily toward disaster, sluggishly clinging to practices of fifty years ago through a continent caught up in violent change.

Curiously enough — for a country where public relations has become a billion-dollar business — the dilemma of United States business in Latin America is largely a public relations problem. Here and there, one or two pioneering American companies have grasped this fact and have made themselves almost impregnable against the anti-Yankee tides.

The rest, however, do not, or will not, see that it is not enough to pump capital and know-how into Latin lands; that it is not enough to boost the local economy with new industrial activity; that it is not enough to pay their workers higher wages than local employers; that it is not enough to give their employees housing, medical care, pension plans and other fringe benefits that were previously unknown in the country.

United States businesses have pioneered all these advances in Latin America, but if they expect gratitude—as their local advertising almost invariably suggests — they delude themselves most thoroughly. No matter what benefits United States companies bring with them, to Latin American eyes they are foreigners, they are rich and they are powerful. For these three reasons they will be resented and feared no matter what else they may do. The bigger they are the more they will be resented; the more vital their operations are to the country's economy, the more they will be feared.

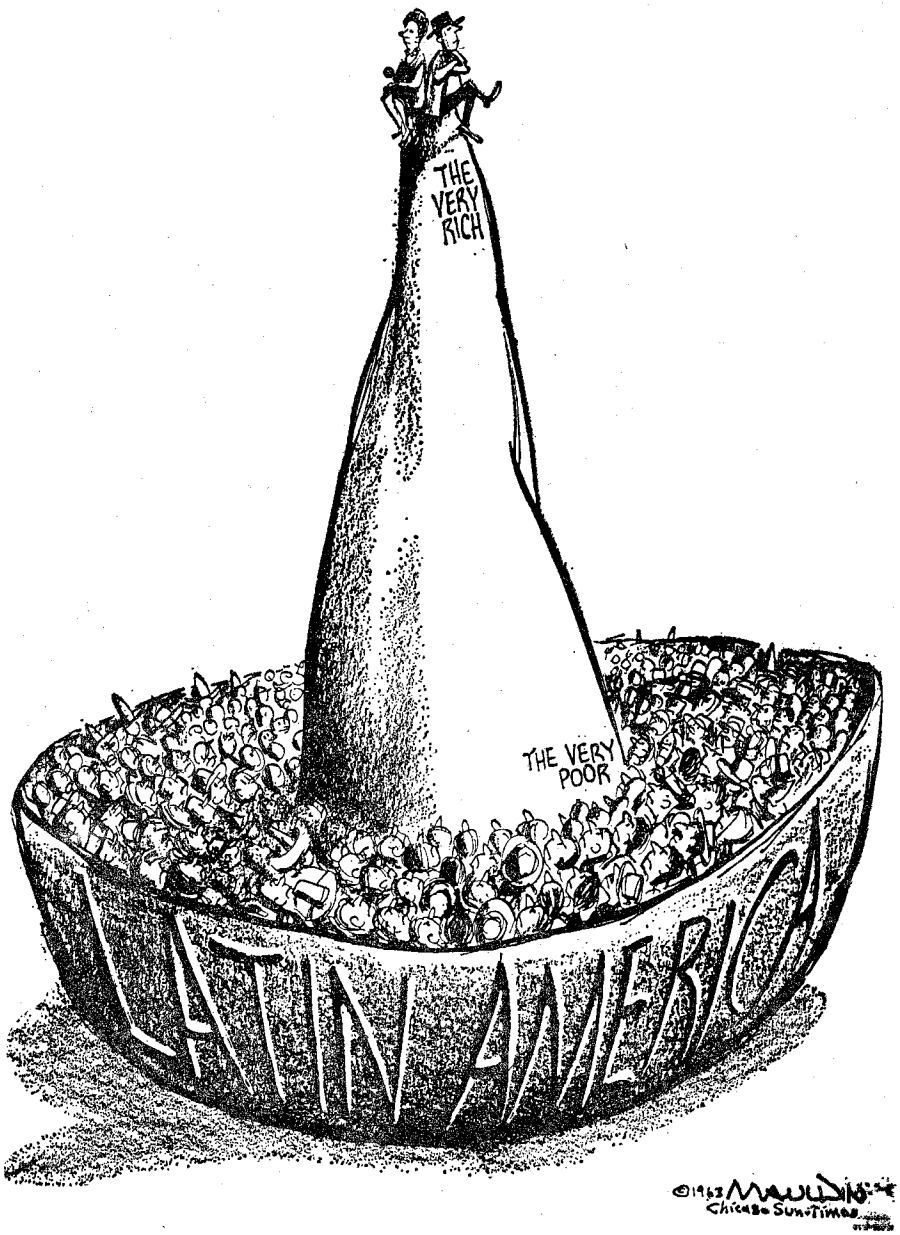
United States companies account for practically all of Chile's copper exports — the country's economic life line. They are in the same position a group of giant German or Japanese corporations would be if they controlled the United States steel industry.

Imagine Germany and Japan to be nations twenty or fifty times more powerful than the United States and consider whether political troubles could conceivably be avoided by big steel being controlled from Tokyo or Bonn.

American-owned companies dominate Venezuela's oil industry and are in the process of dominating the country's burgeoning iron and steel industry—the twin pillars of the Venezuelan economy. It so happens that their installations are being bombed by left-wing terrorists. They could just as plausibly be dynamited by right-wing nationalists.

With the two dominant political forces of Latin America ranged against them, just what chance does United States business south of the border have under its present system of operation? When trouble strikes, the outraged American firm usually appeals to the State Department which may then put pressure on the Brazilian Government to insure that United States utilities are expropriated at a fair price, or on the Argentine Government to respect its predecessor's oil agreements—or whatever the problem is in each country.

This immediately creates a new and worse complication: the United States is accused of "political domination" in addition to the original charge of "economic exploitation." The question then becomes a red-hot political issue, and even a pro-American regime finds its hands tied against inflamed public opinion. Or else an anti-American regime takes power. In either case, the result is approximately the same.



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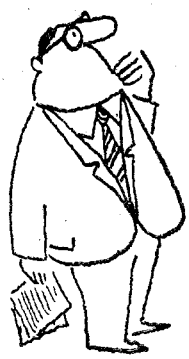
With or without the acquiescence of the State Department, the Latin American government in question moves against the hateful "Yankee monopoly."

The dilemma *does* have a solution. It consists in taking the Latin nation on as a full partner in capitalism, while the United States firm itself takes out its naturalization papers and becomes a respected citizen of its adopted land. The solution is best illustrated by a specific example.

In the early 1950s, the firms of Mercedes Benz of Germany and Henry Kaiser of the United States decided to put up automobile factories in Argentina. It was an entirely virgin field and they had no other competition. Mercedes Benz set up the classic old-style operation: a wholly German-owned subsidiary in Buenos Aires. However, to make sure of continued political cooperation they cut dictator Juan Peron and his henchmen in on the deal.

Kaiser also made the Argentine Government a partner; but the company did something else as well. It offered its stock to the general Argentine public. Shares in *Industrias Kaiser Argentina* (rapidly abbreviated to the familiar IKA) were snapped up by local investors. IKA was soon one of the most heavily traded issues on the Buenos Aires Bolsa, and ownership spread to thousands of small shareholders throughout Argentina.

In 1955 Peron was overthrown by a military revolt, and his numerous misdeeds were thoroughly investigated. One of the first targets for suspicion was Mercedes Benz.



It was foreign, it was big business and it seemed to have been involved in some kind of backstairs dealings with Peron's straw men. The Mercedes plant was shut down for months while the investigation dragged on. Public opinion ranged from indifference to active suspicion of the big German firm. Support there was none.

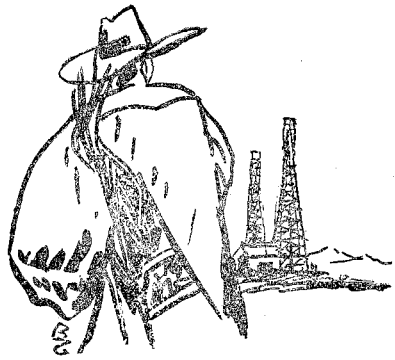
Kaiser meanwhile—its shares and quarterly reports up for daily scrutiny on the local stock exchange—was not touched by the new authorities, and barely missed a day's work. Today, almost a decade later, IKA's public image is that of a native Argentine company. Any political move against it would incur the instant hostility of thousands of small Argentine investors. Not a word has been raised against it in several full-scale political campaigns.

The Germans have apparently learned their lesson in Argentina. A couple of years ago, Rheinstahl Hanomag moved into the automotive field in the country. Going one step further than Kaiser, the big West German outfit went into partnership with Cura Hermanos, a local firm, and launched its shares on the local stock market. With German thoroughness, due note was taken that Buenos Aires is widely resented in the rest of the country as a sort of internal center of "economic exploitation." The new plant went up in Rosario, Argentina's second city—and headquarters of Cura Hermanos.

Unfortunately, the United States oil companies had apparently learned nothing from Kaiser and Rheinstahl. In 1958, President Arturo Frondizi, weary of the bumbling inefficiency of the Argentine state oil monopoly, called in foreign firms to prospect and drill for oil. Aware that public opinion was heavily against letting in the "foreign oil monopolies," he signed contracts with the United States companies without bothering to get the approval of Congress.

Last year Frondizi was overthrown by the military. Last July 7, Arturo Illia replaced him—largely on a platform calling for the annulment of Frondizi's oil contracts as unconstitutional.

So the United States firms now find themselves in the same nasty predicament as Mercedes Benz in



1955. If they appeal to the United States Government for help they will probably still find themselves in the same ugly jam as did the United States utilities in Brazil after they had had similar pressure from Washington.

How long will it be before the copper mines in Chile, the petroleum and steel firms in Venezuela and other companies throughout Latin America get themselves into similar crises with their adopted countries?

They had better wake up to the fact that floundering in the past is no way of insuring the future. The seething waters of historical change in Latin America are sweeping them perilously close to Niagara. The year is 1963 and the place looks perilously like the point of no return. Latin America will now cooperate willingly as a full and active partner in capitalism. What sticks in its throat is being treated forever like a remote and troublesome satrapy of Wall Street—with the ultimate threat of reprisals from Washington in the event of outright rebellion.

American corporations are rightly proud of the way their ownership has spread to millions of American investors at home. They have made practically no effort at all to cultivate this people's capitalism abroad.

From Mexico and Guatemala to Brazil and Argentina, many of these economic battles, skirmishes and wars would not arise at all if there were only a legion of small capitalist allies on the spot.

Just a few hundred thousand stockholders south of the border might well tip the balance between a capitalist Latin America and a Communist Latin America in the years ahead. At any rate, it is something that is worth thinking about.

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Private Words and Public Art

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT FROST TO LOUIS UNTERMEYER. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 388 pp. $7.

THE LETTERS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. Edited by Andrew Turnbull. Charles Scribner's Sons. 615 pp. $10.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S EARLY LETTERS. Edited by John Raymond. The Macmillan Co. 310 pp. $4.

THE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH. Edited by Mark Roskill. Atheneum Publishers. 351 pp. $1.95 paper.

Hayden Carruth

The question of the place of letters in literature—letters meaning private correspondence — crops up regularly, for the reason simply that people continue to be interested, avidly, morbidly, in the things which famous men and women have written when they believed themselves safe from public scrutiny. In itself, the question is unimportant. It arises, generally speaking, from a desire to dignify curiosity by referring it to scholarly or aesthetic standards. Even so, one may sharpen one's general view of life and art by considering the problem of discrimination that emerges when somebody's private letters are brought together in a book and offered to public inspection.

Recently, there has been a spate of such books. In addition to those I am reviewing, we have a new and extraordinary edition of Michelangelo's letters, selling at $45 a copy; a book of Wyndham Lewis' correspondence, which was to have been included here but was held up by a snag in publication; and a number of others, equally enticing. I say "enticing" because these titles certainly do make an attractive array, and you might think the books themselves would be enjoyable reading. Yet my experience has been that almost all are dull, corrosively dull. Only a dull reader, I imagine, could read them through, cover to cover.

This does not mean that letters do not belong to literature, although many people whose minds are attuned to literary fashion will argue that such is the case. It depends on what you mean by literature. If literature is art, then letters cannot be literature, since they are composed without regard — primary regard, at any rate — to considerations of artistic form and technique. Better to abandon altogether the word "literature," saying that some writing is art and other writing is incidental. Yet we know that some incidental writing is quite as moving as any artistic writing. The letters of John Keats are one example, or the diaries of John Woolman and of Anne Frank.

In consequence, some people say that the authors of good incidental writing conform intuitively to the criteria of art, and that there is, therefore, such a thing as unconscious art; but this seems to me a contradiction in terms and a shabby sentimentality. Other people say that art moves us aesthetically, but that incidental writing moves us in actuality; and this seems closer to the truth, although how I can be moved by the actuality of Anne Frank without myself being a little girl in a hide-out remains uncertain.

The books do not help much. Robert Frost's letters to his friend Louis Untermeyer, written during the course of forty-eight years, will disappoint many readers who are devoted to his poetry, even though Untermeyer has done an intelligent and attractive job in presenting them. Frost was no prose writer. He knew it, and had the good judgment not to publish much prose during his lifetime; he was even, apparently, unhappy about this book of letters, which was in progress before he died. Some people, blinded by Frost's ingratiating manner, will think these letters well-written, just as some people used to think Will Rogers a comedian. But the style is coy and ponderous, rather like that of a trained bear, and the jokes and puns are appalling.

Frost himself tells us why. In 1915, when he was, though it is hard to believe, forty-one years old, he wrote to Untermeyer: "Remember, all I say is said in character. I urge nothing." Then for forty-eight years he urged; but "in character," he couldn't get out of it. Frost was a great poet, a national idol, and, as I say with complete affection and no sense of disloyalty whatever, a horrible old frump. This was what Frost made of himself and for himself, his mask, his persona, a far more adamantine poetic character than those of his juniors, Pound and Eliot, who used the concept of the persona so flauntingly that you might think they alone had invented it. It worked brilliantly in his poems, but less well in his public attendances, and least well, I expect, in some of his private relationships. Perhaps this was Frost's tragedy.

Scott Fitzgerald's tragedy was unmistakable: his "crack-up," as he called it. And the aftermath. The letters of Fitzgerald's last five years produced in me exactly the feeling of a fourteen-year-old sitting through the end of a sad movie: a futile necessity of tears. Scrounging in Hollywood to send his Zelda $25 a week! — after all that had gone before, the revelry and splendor — he, Fitzgerald, who should have been happy, who *was* happy, in his writing, a blithe talent if ever one lived. The trouble lay elsewhere. Fitzgerald needed all the courage he had, which was a good deal. But courage can be tedious too, especially in the bubbly form that Fitzgerald gave it, slangy good cheer and "literary" kidding, all hollow, even with his closest friends. Six hundred pages of this is too much, and it is best to begin at the end.

Victoria is another case. Her letters lack the suavity of the trained writer, yet they show her to be a lively, likable, sensible woman, not the genteel bogy we were brought up to think — not entirely, at least. This volume contains her letters up till 1861, the year Albert died. Her strong and justified love of her husband dominates the personal letters; but most of the letters are not personal, they deal with day-to-day politics, relations with ministers, etc. Readers minutely acquainted with English political history may get more out of them than I did. Yet some of the letters are charming, even amusing. Those written during the first year or two of her reign, for instance; they show her struggling to retain the dignity of third-person discourse but continually, in anger or excitement, slipping into more familiar terms. Following an interview with

Hayden Carruth's first novel, Appendix A *(Macmillan), is just published. His most recent collections of poems are* The Norfolk Poems *(Prairie Press) and* Journey to a Known Place *(New Directions).*

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Sir Robert Peel, during which she asked him, with some reluctance, to form a cabinet, she wrote to Lord Melbourne: "The Queen don't like his manner."

Van Gogh is the best of the present group, the only one whose letters are worth general attention. I wish I could quote from them, but without space for long passages the quotations would not be representative. His letters, too, lack suavity, but are, even so, more eloquent than Frost's or Fitzgerald's. As a painter, Van Gogh was not under the necessity that ruled Frost and Fitzgerald, namely, the necessity to put every really usable idea into professional writing. And he had many eminently usable ideas. Chiefly, they sprang from his painting, but were always converted to larger ends, and his letters to his brother, Theo, written out of pitiable solitude, are a treasury of nineteenth-century thought and sensibility at their summit. Victoria, in her letters, scarcely appears to be living in the same age. Thinking, Van Gogh wrote at one point, made him feel less alone, and some readers will recognize the depth of feeling in that quiet cry. His tragedy was something like Fitzgerald's, but far worse; and yet it is not the tragedy that remains with us in these letters, but the intelligence, the passion, the wisdom and the totally conscious man.

Van Gogh's letters have been in English for many years, but principally in expensive editions. This paperback, in which the letters have been newly edited and the translations revised, is a splendid selection and contains an insert of black-and-white reproductions of the paintings which are discussed in the letters. One cannot help noticing again, incidentally, how well the force and *raison* of Van Gogh's oils are retained in ordinary inexpensive half tones.

In my opinion, the letters of Frost and Fitzgerald could better have been published on microfilm for the use of scholars. Good incidental writing will not, generally speaking, come from writers, but from other sensitive men: Delacroix, Berlioz, Marco Polo, Julius Caesar, our own Sam Sewall. Is it literature? Of course. Is it art? I should think not, strictly speaking. The mistake lies in permitting art to arrogate all of literature to its own self-sanctified purposes, an arrogation which, it must be said to their credit, the best writers have seldom made on their own account.

The Purpose in Life

A MAN AND TWO WOMEN. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 316 pp. $5.

Webster Schott

Doris Lessing has the advantage of having never laid eyes on the British Isles until she was thirty years old. She arrived from a colonial environment (Rhodesia) with her sensibilities fully developed by the shocks of racism, and she confronted modern British society with the innocence of first embrace. Everything was new, and she learned about it quickly. She married, had a child, was divorced, became involved in radical causes and the British Communist movement, and she published novels, plays, stories, poetry, essays and reportage with the regularity of assertive talent.

After fourteen years in England and thirteen books — six of which have been published in the United States — Mrs. Lessing still sees new. Permanently afflicted with a social conscience and a feminist's sense of a man-made world, Mrs. Lessing has by now become fully acquainted with the British social milieu and its attendant personal problems and conflicts. But she has been able to keep sufficient emotional distance between herself and her material to see that, while individual experience occurs in isolation, it always contains social implications.

The suicide of Susan Rawlings in "To Room Nineteen," the longest and loneliest of the nineteen stories in her new collection, takes place in a dumpy London hotel. The meaning of the act, however, reverberates to the plump upper-middle-class British life that denies women of awareness a purpose beyond the pleasuring of men and the begetting of children. The conquest of a rising theatrical designer by a B.B.C. hack who interviews her in "One Off the Short List" suggests, among other things, the ugly confu-

Webster Schott is literary editor of Focus/Midwest *and reviews for the* Kansas City Star, *the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch *and* The Christian Science Monitor.

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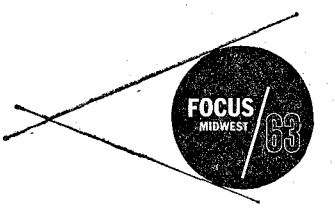

EDITORIAL IN THE
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH:

. . . *FOCUS/Midwest* is a lively, pertinent and sometimes impertinent personality . . . Akin in broad category to the *New Republic* and *The Nation*, or more specifically to *Frontier*, published in Los Angeles, it is liberal in spirit, concerned with reform and progress, full of ideas, and outspoken.

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sion in "civilized" societies of status and sexual prowess. In the metaphorical "A Letter from Home" an intimidated African poet, displaying the first signs of paranoia, writes an epic of South African tyranny in a fantastic Gothic script so "they" won't be able to read it, and then pins his pages to a tree in a windy night. Portraiture, one of Mrs. Lessing's startling gifts, dominates this story, but its overtones speak of the real and imagined conspiracies against the artist who attempts to say the truth about his society. "Notes for a Case History" and "England Versus England" depict more than the emotional destruction of a young scholarship student from the mines and the demoralization of a physically endowed shopgirl in the forward grind of society on the make. Mrs. Lessing lays before us the denial of integrity necessary to survival in a mobile system.

If Mrs. Lessing's stories represent her present views of society, perhaps she has concluded that political action and public agitation for social reform are not first-order factors in determining human affairs after all. She has been tending that way for some time. Political zeal turned to self-immolation in her novel of last year, *The Golden Notebook*. Anna Wulf, Mrs. Lessing's alter ego, found herself representing a generation that had sacrificed their inner selves to revolt and were left to live in personal shells. The activist young woman of the essays in *Going Home* (1957), who asserted buoyantly that "during the last three years the great words liberty, freedom and truth have again become banners for men to fight under," assumed in this crushing novel the character of a psychically wounded realist forced by disillusionment to sort out the possibilities of life from the anxieties of womanhood. *The Golden Notebook* may be one of the moral landmarks in contemporary Western literature.

The woman behind *A Man and Two Women* is tougher and wiser than the facile political agitator of Mrs. Lessing's fiction of the 1950s. All her new stories, even those placed in Africa, deal with purposefulness and determination. Her characters set out to achieve goals — to train dogs, to acquire husbands, to conquer women, to clarify personal relations, to assert authority. But action leads to failure and frustration or to rejection and self-diminution.

When the hot-blooded rain-gutter worker in "A Woman on the Roof" finally climbs up the building to stammer out his appreciation to the near-naked sun-bather who has been driving him out of his mind all week, she tells him to take a six-penny bus ride to the Lido where he can see a dozen women in bikinis without scaling mountains. The love affair of brother and sister in "Each Other" gives pleasure only if it stops short of consummation; completion in Mrs. Lessing's stories supposes disenchantment. The spinster borrowed from Somerset Maugham in "Our Friend Judith" says after her affair in sweaty Italy, "The whole thing was a mistake from start to finish. . . . But if one cannot rely on what one feels, what can one rely on?" Emotion denies intelligence. The laboring dung beetles in "The Sun Between Their Legs" struggle instinctively against rain and wind to lay their eggs. They lose, as people lose.

Life is immutable in Mrs. Lessing's stories. Her characters fall before glass walls when they attempt merely superficial changes in their personal affairs; and to try for fundamental reorganization or to tinker with the social order is to pursue disaster. Sex figures so importantly in these stories because sex is the last individual resource of intense personal encounter in a highly structured society. For the women who cry their need to break through to an on-going connection with life, sex is the only lever against men. While they require definition outside the sexual experience, they cannot attain it without using the attribute that locks them into the system they would escape. Contemporary life is filled with ironies of this sort and Mrs. Lessing must reveal them.

Dealing substantively with adult situations, instead of pursuing the bizarre or fantasizing with symbols, Mrs. Lessing infuses her people with vitality and places them in contexts and situations we can believe in. Her method is exactly right for her purpose and uncommon among thoughtful writers; Doris Lessing's realism is a fictional revelation of the social chemistry of modern Britain. We have no one like her in the United States. Our most perceptive writers still furiously explore the self and take only an occasional sally at the larger realities of the social condition.

For Leslie

For you there ought
to be words as something
at least to say

of what couldn't be
then, the whole
sense crowded, almost

a comfortable agony
so full
I felt it.

Two years go,
the same wide sky
sits over us.

We feel it
the same, being
always here.

There, the grave is
I cannot
even go to

under some trees
in the grass
of someone's cemetery.

What argument can be
used now, the light so
strikes in,

so blonde you are,
so different from our darkness,
your eyes such blue.

Robert Creeley

Cummings' Daisy

73 POEMS. By e. e. cummings. Harcourt, Brace & World. 73 pp. $4.50.

Lionel Abel

One day our Latin teacher shouted at us his own definition of poetry. With a touch of exultance, a trace of exaltation, but much more stern than ecstatic, he yelled at us: "Do you know what poetry is? Of course not! I'll tell you. Poetry is exultation, exaltation and ecstasy!"

I think the definition an excellent one and I have never forgotten it. But of how many poets in our times can it be said that in writing poems they intended poetry? Certainly cummings was of the small company of those who wanted to be something more than skillful manipulators of verse forms. Did cummings then seek exultation, exaltation and ecstasy? To bring it into closer accord with the kind of poetry cummings actually wrote, I shall have to change my old Latin teacher's remark. What cum-

Lionel Abel is a playwright and critic. His most recent book is Metatheatre *(Hill & Wang).*

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mings aimed at was ecstasy, ecstasy and ecstasy.

What but ecstasy is expressed in the following?

who are you, little i
(five or six years old)
peering from some high

window; at the gold

of november sunset
(and feeling: that if day
has to become night

this is a beautiful way)

Cummings' poems do not exalt nor do they make one exultant. But they do distribute—often by their scattered syntax — the poet's raptures. Some poets have insisted on a special distinction in their language; some poets have insisted on a special distinction in their experience and tried to reflect this in the words they used. Poets of the latter type have tended to disappear, for reasons about which no one can be certain, and we are now left almost entirely with lovers of their own words rather than with lovers of life's. Poets of experience, as distinct from experienced poets, have always been rare; this is especially the case today. Now cummings demanded poetry of his experience.

But even cummings is not always ecstatic in his poems. When he is not, though, he is arguing for ecstasy and against its opposite. For example:

nobody could
in superhuman flights
of submoronic fancy
be more not
conceivably future than mrs some-
thingwitz
nay somethingelsestein.

And again:

Mostpeople have been heard
screaming for international

measures that render hell rational
—i thank heaven somebody's crazy

enough to give me a daisy

But I think such attacks — there are many in cummings' poems: attacks on science, scientists and modern ideologies — are really meant by the poet as creative warm-ups in the striving for the ecstasy he wanted, and felt so often. Cummings is sometimes a moralist of ecstasy, and in this role he can be quite foolish. Also proud of being foolish; for folly does lead to ecstasy much more immediately than does thought. So let us not make too great a point of cummings' foolishness, which may have been necessary to him. There is nothing foolish about his delighted fancy. He writes:

a great
man
is
gone.

Tall as the truth

was who: and
wore his (mountains
understand

how) life

like a (now

with
one sweet sun

in it, now with a

million
flaming billion kinds
of nameless

silence)sky;

In this last book cummings is, I think, at his most unfoolish and poetic best. There is more ecstasy in this tiny volume, and there is less argumentation for ecstasy, than in most of his earlier books. Not that cummings became more mature as death approached, but that his need for ecstasy became, if anything, more powerful; his dislike of those without it less important to him. He could even call on death ecstatically:

autumn has gone: will winter
never come?

o come, terrible anonymity; enfold
phantom me with the murdering
minus of cold
—open this ghost with millionary
knives of wind—
scatter his nothing all over what
angry skies and

gently
(very whiteness: absolute
peace,
never imaginable mystery)
descend

Fewer and fewer are the exquisites of this earth. Can anyone replace cummings? I wonder if among all the young men now writing verse there is even one who is really bent on exultation, exaltation or ecstasy in any sphere of life other than that of the written (printed) word.

Vietnam Between the Poles

THE TWO VIET-NAMS: A Political and Military Analysis. By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 493 pp. $7.95.

Francois Sully

One suffocating hot afternoon of July last year, Bernard Fall with his typewriter and tape recorder walked into Hanoi — the gray, unkempt capital of The One Who Enlightens. Ten years had elapsed since Dr. Fall's first stay in North Vietnam. In 1953, the French Expeditionary Forces and the Vietminh were gathering their strength and filling their war stores for what General Vo Nguyen Giap, as well as the hard-pressed French, knew was going to be the final round of the drawn-out struggle for Indo-China. Dr. Fall quickly discovered that the Hanoiese of

Francois Sully, Vietnam correspondent for Newsweek, *left that country a year ago on the orders of the Ngo family. He is shortly returning to Saigon.*

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1963 were almost reluctant to talk about their victorious battles of 1953 and 1954. They had won their freedom from colonial rule, like men: "out of the barrel of a gun," and at the cost of about 250,000 Vietnamese lives. But they are today painfully aware that their peace and their freedom require more arduous efforts and greater sacrifices than their victorious war. With great insight, Dr. Fall attributes this attitude to "the plight of a valiant people that happens to find itself, no doubt much against its will, at one of the focal points of a world-wide struggle." In lonely Hanoi, Bernard Fall found nearly all official doors open to him. The evident reason was that the pragmatic North Vietnamese leaders had something to tell the outside world about their position toward the war in South Vietnam. Some, like Premier Pham Van Dong, even recorded their views "for the record" on Dr. Fall's tape recorder. The Hanoi leaders are aware of their country's vulnerability before a United States military action that would come in retaliation to their own involvement in the guerrilla war of South Vietnam. For this reason, Hanoi shuns any direct participation of North Vietnamese troops in the conflict and shows some willingness to compromise and be "realistic" about South Vietnam.

I like particularly Dr. Fall's analysis of North Vietnam's position in the world:

> *The brutal truth is that for so small and exposed a country as North Vietnam, the number of policy choices is not infinite and that the present Hanoi leadership is painfully aware of the fearsome consequences of even a small miscalculation in a situation where it must play the brinkmanship game with as enormous an adversary as the United States.*

In laconic and almost humorous manner, The One Who Enlightens predicted doom for Ngo Dinh Diem and the ultimate failure of any attempt to find a purely military solution to the civil war in the south. But it is not certain today that Ho Chi Minh has been elated by the dramatic demise of the House of Ngo; certainly, he is not as joyous as the Saigonese themselves. With Ngo Dinh Diem gone, North Vietnam has lost the best asset of its propaganda in the south. Dr. Fall told me later that he found the seventy-three-year Ho (the peasant de Gaulle of Vietnam) in excellent health and spirits — and much preoccupied by his own image in the Western press.

The Two Viet-Nams is an informative analysis of not so distant and complex events: from the emergence of Ho Chi Minh to Dienbienphu; then on to the French military withdrawal from Indo-China, the rise and crushing fall of Ngo Dinh Diem and the new American involvement in that area. The author's evaluation of the forces — Nationalist and Communist Vietnamese, uncommitted bourgeois, suffering peasants and meddling foreigners — is still valid after the November coup. It is just that another chapter has opened. Dr. Fall's book is the obvious choice for anyone seeking the relevant background to the dilemma the West now faces in Vietnam, and a clearer understanding of the traditional problems of Vietnam and the sometimes obscure developments that have shaken its admirable people. But to the reader more particularly concerned with the military aspects of a revolutionary war, I would recommend another book by Dr. Fall: *The Street Without Joy* (Stackpole; revised, 1963). This account of the Indo-China war may well be a preview of the non-nuclear wars of the future, the "Wars of Liberation," as Peking already calls them.

Incidentally, the grave of Ho Chi Minh's father was recently discovered at Cao Lanh, in the heart of the Mekong Delta, during a military operation conducted by South Vietnamese forces against Viet Cong guerrillas. The Vietnamese officer who made this find reported, without great surprise, that the old tomb was kept tidy as a site of pilgrimages for the local peasantry. This little fact suggests that, in Vietnam as elsewhere, the present is merely the logical continuation of the past. To know this past, I recommend Bernard Fall's book.

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What Happened?

A SINGULAR MAN. By J. P. Donleavy. Little, Brown & Co. 402 pp. $6.

Nelson Algren

Where did mad Dangerfield go and madder MacDoon? What happened to Cocklan, Malarkey and O'Keefe, that fantastic host of *The Ginger Man*? When Dangerfield, dressed as a kangaroo cuffed along by MacDoon with a shepherd's staff and followed by Parnell beating an empty tin with a spoon, entered a public house in *Soho ho* and the kangaroo sang—

> *No joy no juice*
> *You pigs no use*
> *I want to know*
> *How you Britons like it*
> *In Soho ho? —*

— *"Dangerfield lives!"* was then the cry. And Dangerfield did.

As the same author's Singular Man, George Smith, pursued, put upon and preoccupied, does not. Bullied by his housekeeper, ministered to by his secretaries, attended by his doorman, alienated from his wife and transported by his chauffeur, Smith exists solely by literary devices.

Where a Joycean prose was so richly befitting to Dangerfield especially when frying borrowed sausages —

Nelson Algren is the author most recently of Who Lost an American? *(Macmillan).*

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. . . the little sausage fell neatly, hissing in the fat. Dont know what to tell this Lilly. Could tell her life is a matter of resistance. Been telling too many people that. I have an esthetic. Tell Miss Frost to get one. My, look at that sausage swell. A spout of richness coming out of there will drown the whole lot of us, esthetics and all. —

— the same device when employed by George Smith comes out in a voice flattened like a ventriloquist's —

Lock the door. Draw the curtains tightly. Sit. Take a sip of punch. Close eyes. What you want so much you lose. Die and carry me away. Once at college I thought I'm dying. And tried to run. From the terrible loneliness. Bereft in those university rooms, cold and tall-ceilinged, late at night. I fell to my bed. Said I'll never make enough money to live. . . .

Dangerfield, a tragic yet dangerous clown, asked questions worthy of a saint —

What good is it to God, Dear Miss Frost, for a child to be born pure, live purely and die purely? Where is the grace in that shallow, white sterility? You dont want that stuff. No, get down in it, down. The greatest whiteness is touched with black. The righteous are a sneaky bunch anyway . . . they're ruining Jesus with publicity.

But Smith has no questions to ask—

"You know what I want to say, George."

"Beep beep."

"What's that funny noise you're making?"

"You mean, beep beep."

"Yes, beep beep."

"O that's just beep beep."

"I know I deserve it, George."

"Beep beep." —

to the point of unreadability and a bit beyond. The author seemingly is determined to be indirect. "Spaghetti" becomes "wiggling whiteness"; wine becomes "the red sublime . . . as we go bow wow together into the future." Life just isn't like that.

This unhappy alteration of Dangerfield into Smith is repeated in the figure by which each man is pursued. Dangerfield's pursuer, Skully the gombeen man, in his white starched collar and black chesterfield dripping from the rain, is both pathetic and terrible; and his cause is plain. But Smith's nemesis, Bonniface, is no more than a name. And neither do Miss Martin nor Dizzy Darling Tomson possess the reality of Dangerfield's Lilly Frost, Mary or Chris or Marion. The sexuality of Dangerfield rings true; the Singular Man is about as sexual as Charlie McCarthy.

For such a falling-off only the author may account. Yet one wonders whether, in a civilization so affluent that it is no longer necessary to think, there may not be an indication here that, to be a writer, it has become equally inessential to write.

LETTER from POLAND

Maria Kuncewicz

In September, 1939, as I was leaving our country house in Kazimierz on Vistula in Central Poland, there stood in a second-floor window a little girl of ten, her dark, solemn eyes fixed on the sky where the German Heinkels glistened and buzzed, shedding their bombs on a nearby village. She was the daughter of Joseph, the gardener. The car had already started when she leaned out, and called, "Don't worry, I'll bury your notebook; Hitler won't get it!"

In August, 1963, I came back to stay in our Polish home for the first time in twenty-four years. Secluded and on the outskirts of the little town, this house had not had a typical war story. It was not destroyed by enemies, nor—because of Joseph's presence—was it dismantled, bit by bit, by industrious neighbors.

Since in the Polish People's Republic real estate not exceeding 123 acres can be privately owned, we remain the proprietors of the villa, built in the local style of stone and wood, and of the nine acres in which it stands. But, because of the acute housing shortage, we are entitled to use only a few of the rooms.

The car drove up, and I saw in a window on the second floor a little girl of ten, her dark, solemn eyes fixed on me. Never before had I experienced a more perfect illusion. However, I soon learned that Wanda, the ten-year-old of 1963, was the daughter of Zosia, the ten-year-old of 1939; both mother and child were now visiting the grandparents, our former gardeners. The next day, Zosia, now a biologist employed by the Warsaw waterworks, handed me a yellowish notebook that bore traces of a long interment. Hitler had not found it.

Joseph could not move; neither could he say much. Shoved around by so many different authorities, he had suffered a stroke. Now he sat in his kitchen and growled at the world for rocking under his feet, a slippery globe. But his women moved and talked. After the first transports of meeting, we walked through the rooms as in a trance, I remembering the things that used to be here, Mrs. Joseph wagging her head in wonder. "That German doctor, he was a general. He shipped

Maria Kuncewicz is the editor of The Modern Polish Mind *(Little, Brown) and author of the novel,* The Olive Grove *(Walker & Co.). She is a visiting professor at the University of Chicago.*

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We are approaching the season when the words "peace on earth" come glibly to the tongue. But the events of the past weeks prove—if proof were needed—that peace will not come as a Christmas gift. It is something that has to be worked for, day in and day out. There are many people, in this country and elsewhere, who are making the effort. It is doubtful whether any national weekly can match the space *The Nation* gives to reporting their varied activities.

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the sideboard to Hamburg. . . . Then one night, as he was away, our night people came. They took that round mirror from the dressing table." "Who were the night people?" I asked. Shamefacedly, she shrugged. "I don't know. They had guns." "And what do you think happened to that violin I had buried in the trunk?" Here she frowned." "Uh, that's the German soldiers. They crept in through the side entrance. . . . They wanted the draperies, but they took the violin, too." Amazed at the unlikely objects people with guns grab from other people's homes, I could not resist mentioning the toilet bowl missing from the bathroom. At this, Mrs. Joseph, decorative in her gay babushka, became pensive. "You know, we were not here all the time. When the Russians turned up, we were driven out. They said they needed the whole place for a very important person. The park was swarming with troops. . . . They even dug up the tennis court and made it into a picture." Zosia, a tall, handsome woman wearing shorts, laughed. "A picture indeed! It was a relief map of the battle." Now the 1963 ten-year-old piped up. "I know who took your desk, though! It was our militia. They were right, weren't they? Since it was abandoned property; wasn't it? And the Waceks built themselves a cowshed out of your cottage because their cow had nowhere to live, and she is beautiful, you know!"

At last I walked down the ravine to the town. It was even more beautiful than the neighbor's cow, and as much of a stranger to me.

Before the war, Kazimierz on Vistula, a Polish beauty spot, was haunted by artists, but mainly inhabited by humble Jews, making a living from a variety of trades which the less imaginative natives, fishermen and laborers, had neglected to consider. In my memory the market place—part jewel-like, patrician residences carved in stone, part colorful shacks—was filled with peasants selling geese and chickens, horses neighing, men's pants and women's kerchiefs fluttering in the breeze on lines over the stalls, painters busy at their easels and buses hooting, while the Jewish guides chattered, fought for a tourist's bag and lauded the artists' efforts.

That memorable Polish square, celebrated by poets and painters, is no more. The awed locals still speak in whispers of the "black Wednesday" when the Germans slaughtered the Jews of Kazimierz. Of about 2,000, only one was left; he sticks to his prewar job in the timber yard. Fires have raged here, and not only Jews have disappeared. A schoolmaster, a solicitor, almost all the notables, marched here, handcuffed, to their death.

The present-day market place shines. No shacks; the destroyed buildings have been re-created in accordance with eighteenth-century prints. Three of them, now converted into one, serve as the Architect's House, a place antique and modern at the same time, where architects, as well as writers, painters and professors, can spend their holidays in inexpensive luxury. An ancient well stands in the middle of the neat emptiness where all that hubbub had been. On a promonotory, the Catholic parish church, recently redecorated, admits crowds from the neighboring villages; but although the historic synagogue was raised from its ashes, it now houses a movie theatre.

You can buy a frigidaire in a shop under the arcade; there is some underwear in another, and some modish furniture in still another, but at the grocery store women often queue for butter. Delicatessen items are unreliable, and the butcher is moody. Only the fruit stalls and a newspaper booth relieve the dignified grayness of the square.

The dead were buried. The old stage holds up, repaired, embellished, set for a top performance. But the new play does not meet with enthusiasm. Watching those responsible try to solve the common problems, the man in the street, the urban type, marks time. Without trying to help, he upbraids "them" for his low wages, poor housing, the scarcity and bad distribution of goods. The so-called peasant, the small farmer who, in contrast to those in other Communist-ruled countries, owns about 90 per cent of the Polish arable land, sounds more cheerful. The administration helps him modernize his agriculture, it encourages mechanization and cooperative farming. A peasant now eats his own chickens and geese. He is better dressed than before the war; he enjoys collecting crops from the long-coveted fields of his former neighbor, the big landlord, and he builds better homes for his family and his beasts. Schools are free at all levels. But people like the Josephs resent it that their educated offspring leave home for the factory and the office. Except on weekends, the market place in Kazimierz is beautiful and empty.

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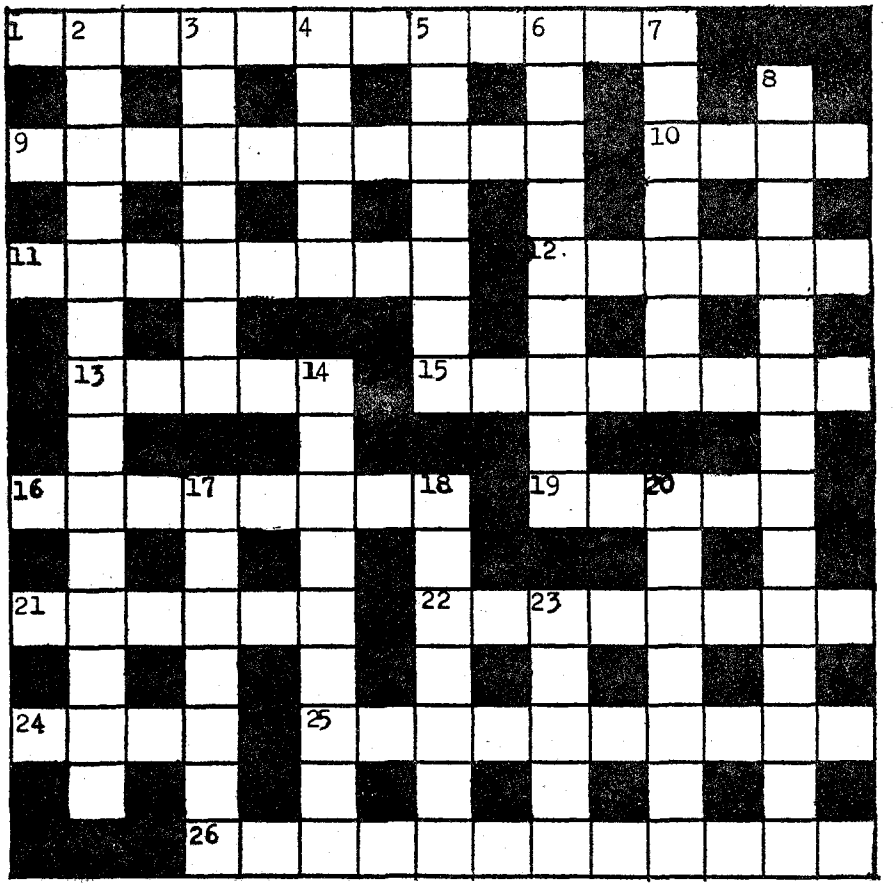
Crossword Puzzle No. 1036

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What a bookkeeper has to go through periodically is probably on the wire. (9, 3)
9 What's the word for quiet when the speaker and I are inside? (That's what some politicians declare!) (10)
10 See 3 down
11 Officer, he spells danger to me! (8)
12 Almost a point ahead of time. (6)
13 Birds in their summer nests. (5)
15 Where the actor Maurice seems to be putting on weight? (8)
16 What they give you on board is taken as a matter of course. (8)
19 Fares badly, but becomes less dangerous. (5)
21 What's the good word, Pierre? (3, 3)
22 Appears on the surface to be something other than grain exports! (8)
24 Spring is healthy, to a considerable extent. (4)
25 Startled into activity. (10)
26 Modeling's too much trouble for one with the spirit to study. (12)

DOWN:

2 A word of warning casually brought up and referred to earlier. (14)
3 and 10 Most liners have, if the passengers like music—but hope not to. (7, 4)
4 Any of the nine orders of the celestial hierarchy. (5)
5 Associated with the gull, possibly. (7)
6 An other than straightforward manner is a characteristic of certain people. (9)
7 Not only Romans Brutus can seem to hold in spell! (7)
8 Authorities of the volume content. (14)
14 Such a plan does not necessarily include inlaid jewelry. (9)
17 Having something about the features of the spirit, in a rather lewd way? (7)
18 Bread illegally obtained, by the sound of it. (7)
20 The occupation of distant China? (7)
23 Train to follow? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1035

ACROSS: 1 Imposing; 5 Nurses; 10 and 11 Extreme unction; 12 U-boat; 13 Light blue; 14 and 23 down Trade school; 16 Sardonic; 19 and 4 down Knitting needles; 22 Event; 24 Counselor; 26 Tiara; 28 Occiput; 29 Leakage; 30 Larval; 31 Identify. DOWN: 1 Inequity; 2 Patio; 3 Sweetmeat; 6 Uncut; 7 Still life; 8 Sinker; 9 Hunger; 15 Announcer; 17 Overtrain; 18 Strategy; 20 Islets; 21 Garbled; 25 Sepia; 27 Amati.

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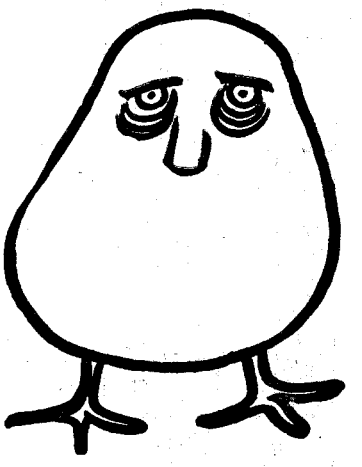

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